Laugh with Bugs Bunny on page 15

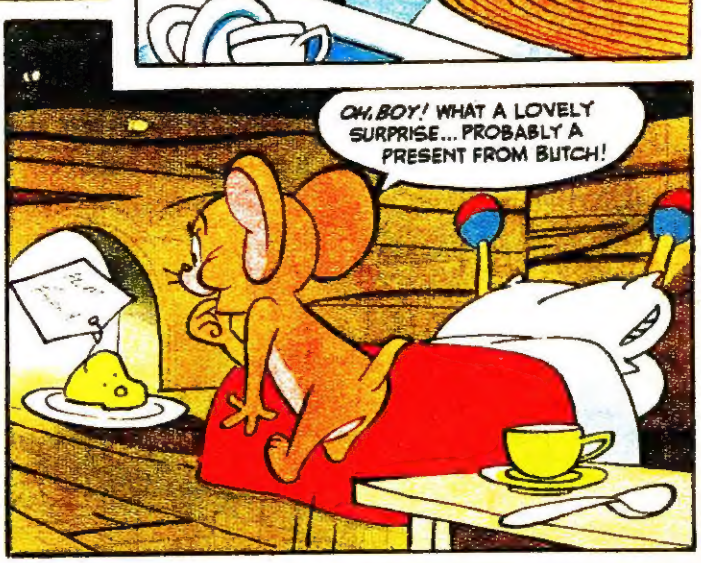
TV COMIC

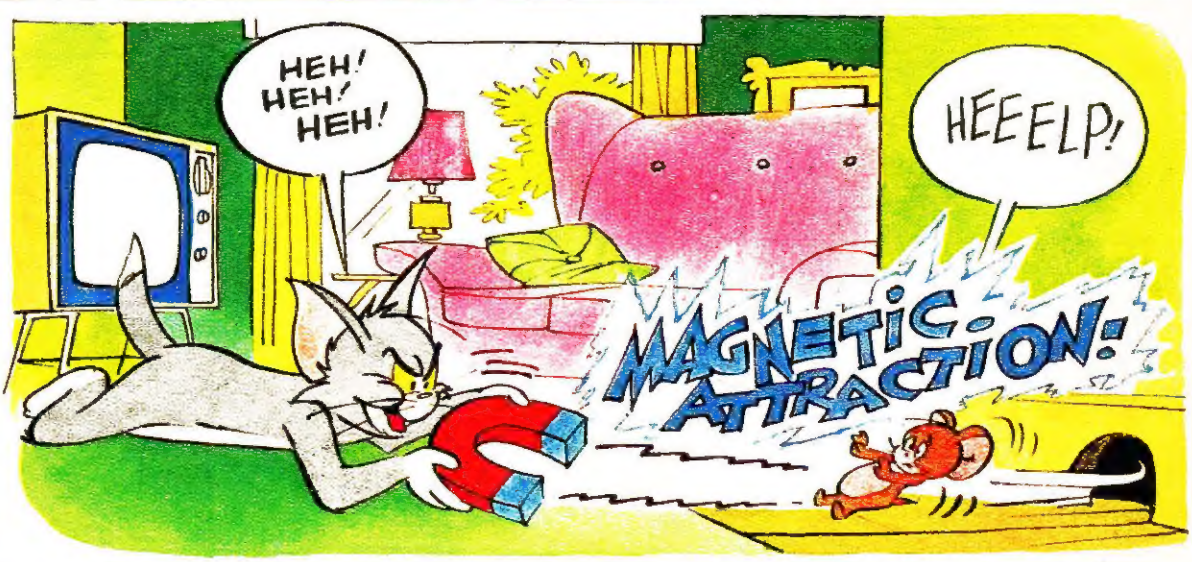
8d

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week Ending 14th March, 1970 | Number 952

TOM and JERRY





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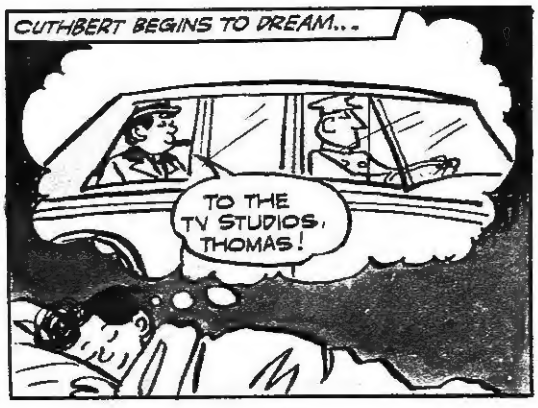
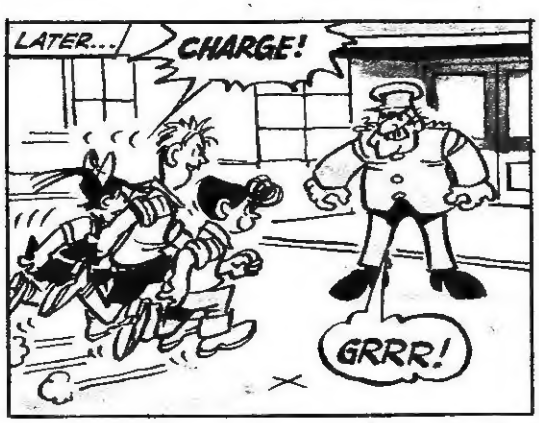
More tomfoolery on page 2.

Next week Tom tries to get shot of Jerry with a revolver !

TV Terrors

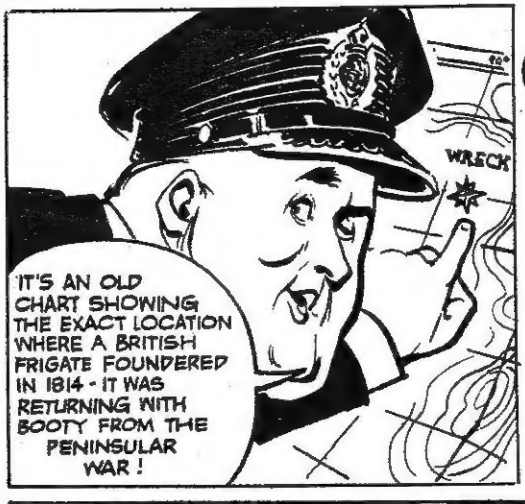




Watch this space for more space fun next week!

THE AVENGERS

TWO attempts have been made on the life of Admiral Horatio Broadside to prevent him from taking part in a forthcoming NATO fleet exercise—Mother has ordered Steed and Tara King to protect the Admiral, but they find that it entails a weekend at sea.


WRECK
IT'S AN OLD CHART SHOWING THE EXACT LOCATION WHERE A BRITISH FRIGATE FOUNDERED IN 1814 - IT WAS RETURNING WITH BOOTY FROM THE PENINSULAR WAR !

YOU CAN SEE IT LIES IN SHALLOW WATERS-WITH THE FROGMAN SUITS I HAVE WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO REACH IT.
DIVING, EH-BY GOLLY, I'D LIKE TO GO DOWN WITH YOU, SIR!

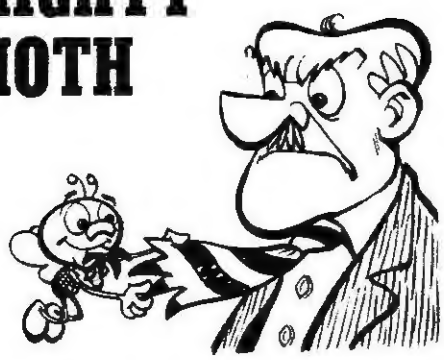
MEANWHILE, ABOARD A SUBMARINE THAT SHADOWS THE ADMIRAL'S YACHT...
WHAT A LARK, GUV - SINK 'EM WITH A TORPEDO!
NO, YOU DOLT- I WANT TO SEE WHAT THAT OLD SEA-DOG IS UP TO FIRST!

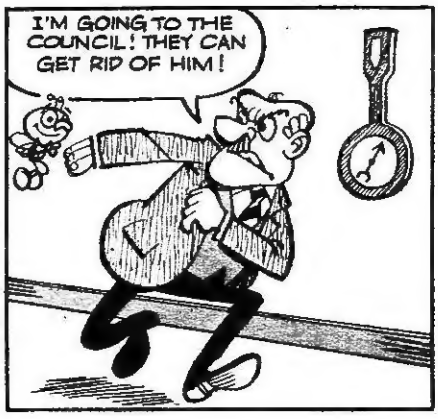
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
GOOD GRIEF! AIR MUST HAVE BEEN TRAPPED IN HERE WHEN THE SHIP TURNED OVER... IT'S UNCANNY, LIKE STEPPING BACK INTO HISTORY!

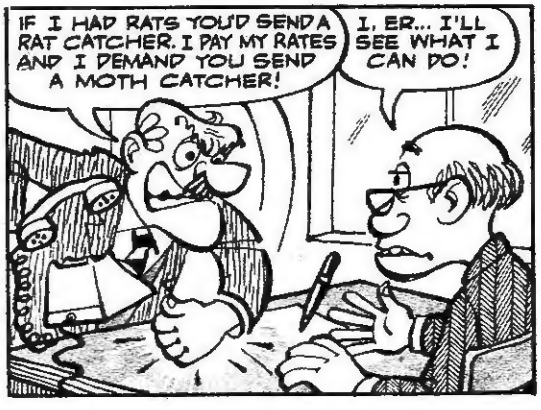
Based on the Thames Television production

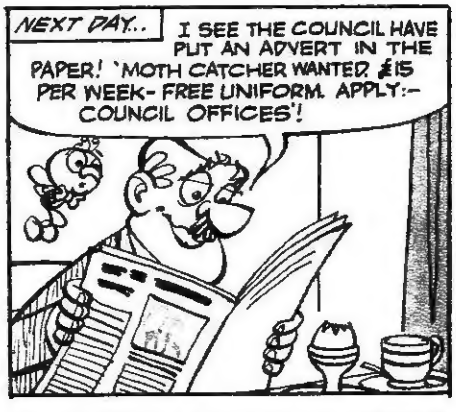
Next week : Attacked by the submarine !

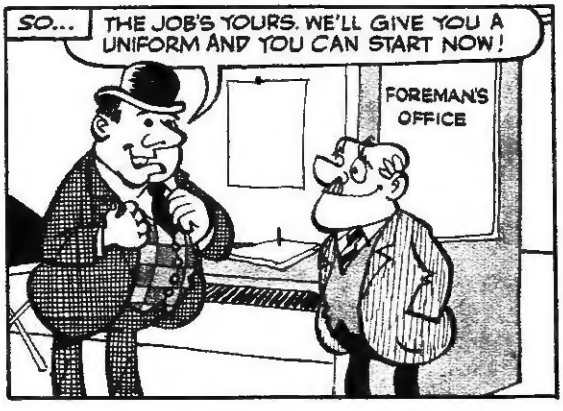
MIGHTY MOTH

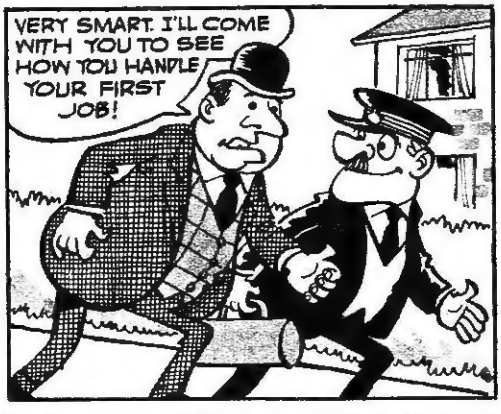


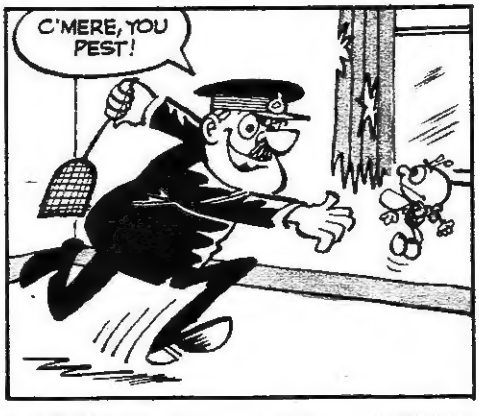


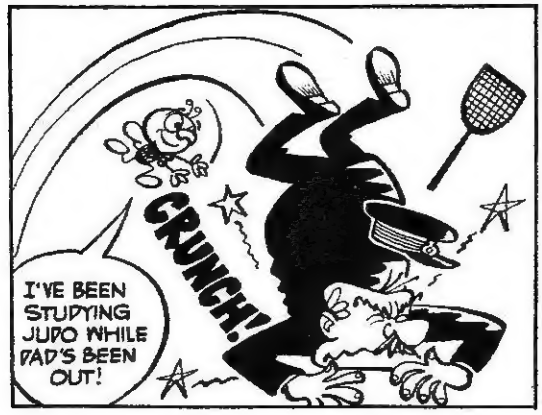


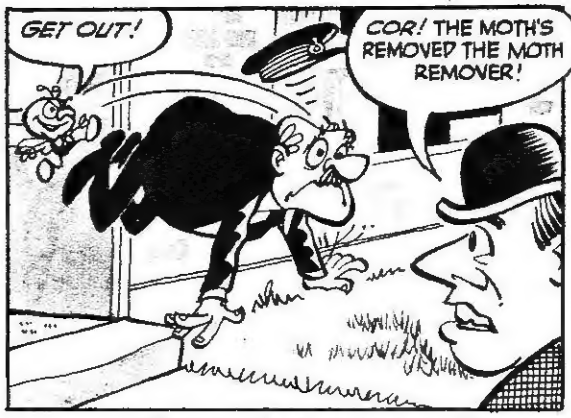

NEXT DAY..
I SEE THE COUNCIL HAVE PUT AN ADVERT IN THE PAPER! 'MOTH CATCHER WANTED £15 PER WEEK- FREE UNIFORM. APPLY:- COUNCIL OFFICES'!











Mighty Moth takes a dive next week—into Dad's bath!

CATWEAZLE

CARROT has saved Catweazle the wizard from a dynamite explosion in a quarry by hoisting him on the hook of a crane. But Catweazle has slipped out of the parachute harness he was wearing and fallen into the hands of the quarrymen, who think he is a foreigner because of the strange spells he keeps muttering.

LISTEN, CHUM, JUST TELL US THE TRUTH AN' WE WON'T BE HARD ON YOU!
GAB! GABA! AGABA!
BLOOMIN' INSULTIN'... HE'S CALLING US NAMES!
WHY DON'T WE GET THE OTHER FELLER, LIKE I SAID BEFORE...?
952

BUT CARROT THINKS HIS ONLY CHANCE OF HELPING CATWEAZLE IS TO ESCAPE...
THERE HE GOES! HE'S RUNNING AWAY!
A PLAGUE UPON THESE DEMONS!
THERE MUST BE A PHONE IN ONE OF THE HUTS... I'LL RING SAM FOR HELP...

SO CARROT DODGES IN AND OUT AMONG THE TREES...
LUVVUS! HE'S VANISHED!
NEVER THOUGHT I'D RUN LIKE THIS AT MY TIME O' LIFE!
RECKON IT'S SAFE TO SNEAK INTO THAT HUT!
RECKON THAT KID'S GOT CLEAN AWAY!

MEANTIME, THE EXHAUSTED QUARRYMEN ARE STILL HUNTING THROUGH THE WOOD, AND THOSE WHO ARE DRAGGING CATWEAZLE HAVE A SLIGHT ACCIDENT...
CLONK!
BANG!

BUT CATWEAZLE IS SICK OF DEMONS AND VOICES...
DEMONS! DEMONS! NAUGHT BUT DEMONS! THEY MAKE THEIR VOICES SOUND LIKE THAT OF MY YOUNG FRIEND. BUT... EYE OF NEWT AND TOE OF FROG, I CRAWL AWAY AND HIDE LIKE A DOG!

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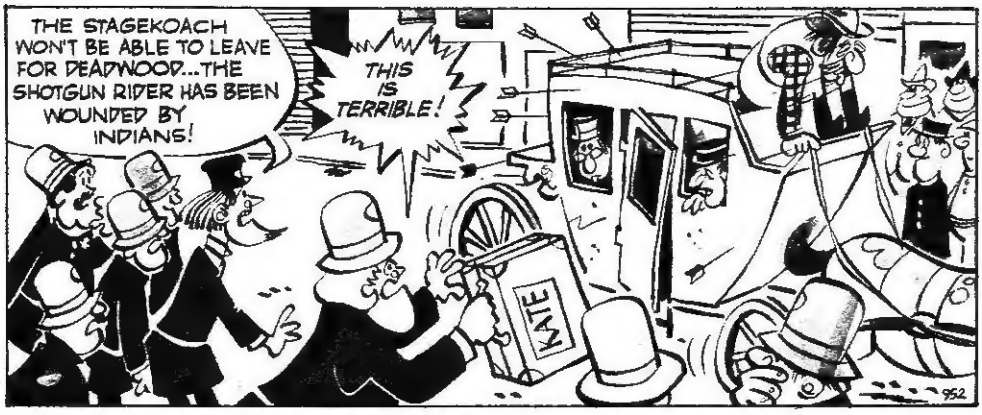
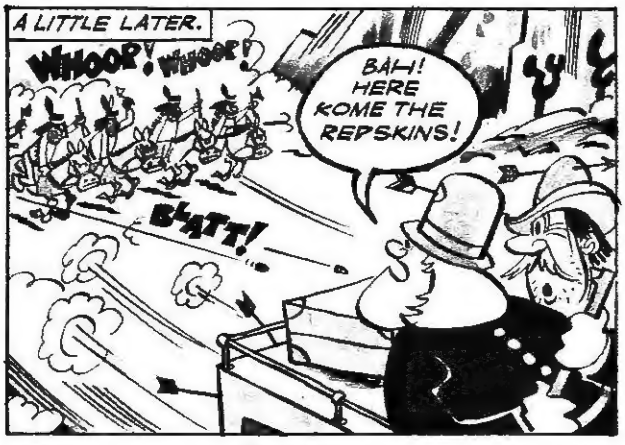
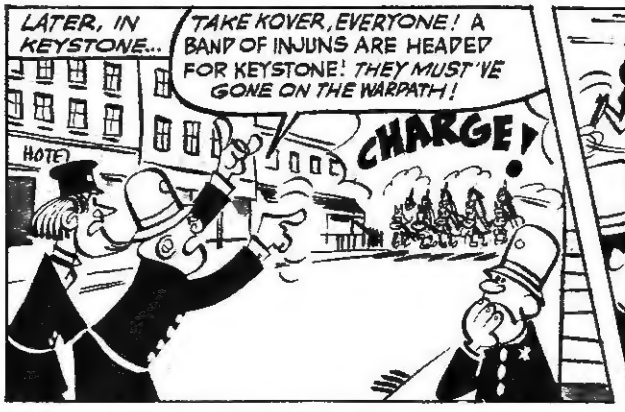
Catweazle continues his crazy antics next week!

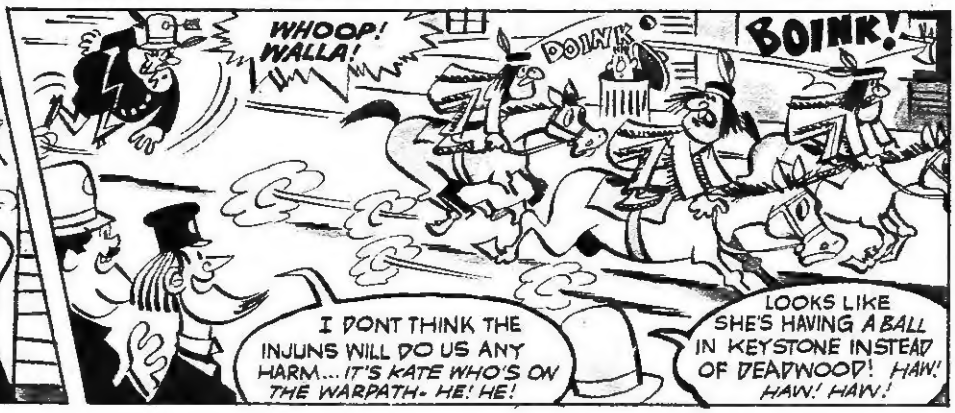
Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES *featuring the Keystone Kops*


THE STAGEKOACH WON'T BE ABLE TO LEAVE FOR DEADWOOD...THE SHOTGUN RIDER HAS BEEN WOUNDED BY INDIANS!
THIS IS TERRIBLE!
KATE
952

I'M GOING TO A BALL BEING HELD IN DEADWOOD ...I MUST GET THERE BEFORE THIS EVENING!
SORRY, KATE! I KAN'T LET THE KOACH LEAVE WITHOUT A SHOTGUN RIDER!



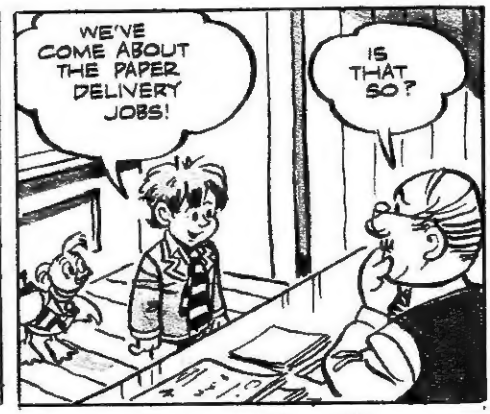

LATER, IN KEYSTONE...
TAKE KOVER, EVERYONE! A BAND OF INJUNS ARE HEADED FOR KEYSTONE! THEY MUST'VE GONE ON THE WARPATH!
CHARGE!
HOTEL

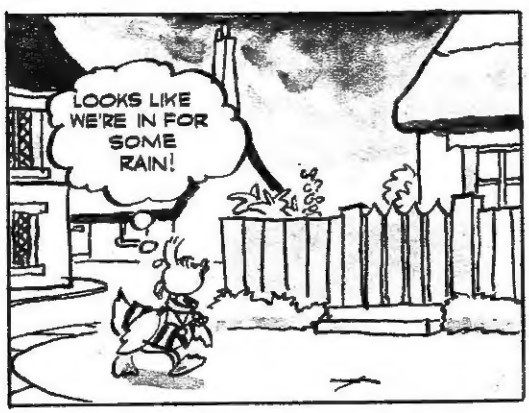

WHOOP! WALLA!
POINK
BOINK!
I DONT THINK THE INJUNS WILL DO US ANY HARM... IT'S KATE WHO'S ON THE WARPATH- HE! HE!
LOOKS LIKE SHE'S HAVING A BALL IN KEYSTONE INSTEAD OF DEADWOOD! HAW! HAW! HAW!

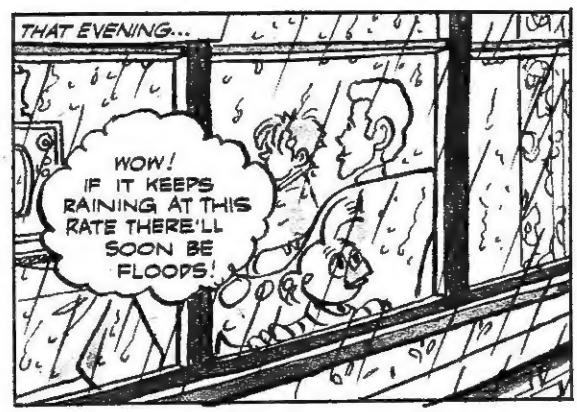
Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Keep kackling with the krazy kops knext week!

Tich and Quackers







MEANWHILE...
NONE OF MY BOYS WILL BE ABLE TO DELIVER PAPERS UNDER THESE CONDITIONS... I'LL LOSE A FORTUNE IF I DON'T THINK OF SOMETHING!

SO...
YOU'RE DOING A GREAT JOB, QUACKERS!
WHAT A CLEVER DUCK! HA! HA! HA!
WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? DUCKS SUDDENLY IN DEMAND... THE NEWSAGENT'S GIVING ME DOUBLE PAY WHILE THE FLOODS LAST!
GOOD OLD QUACKERS! HAW! HAW! HAW!

© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970 based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers.

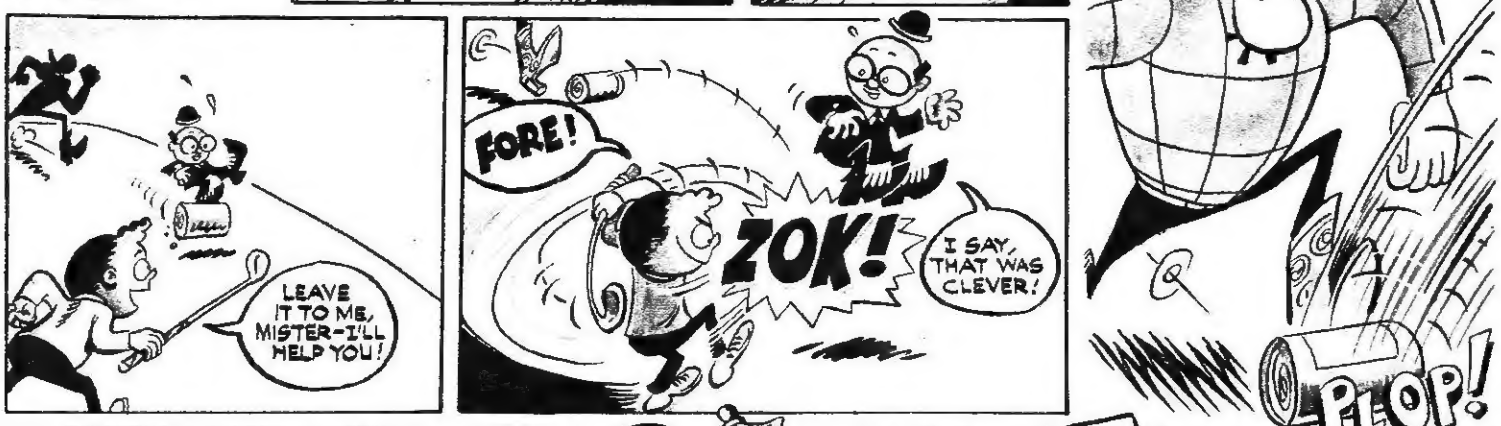
Big laughs with little Tich next week !

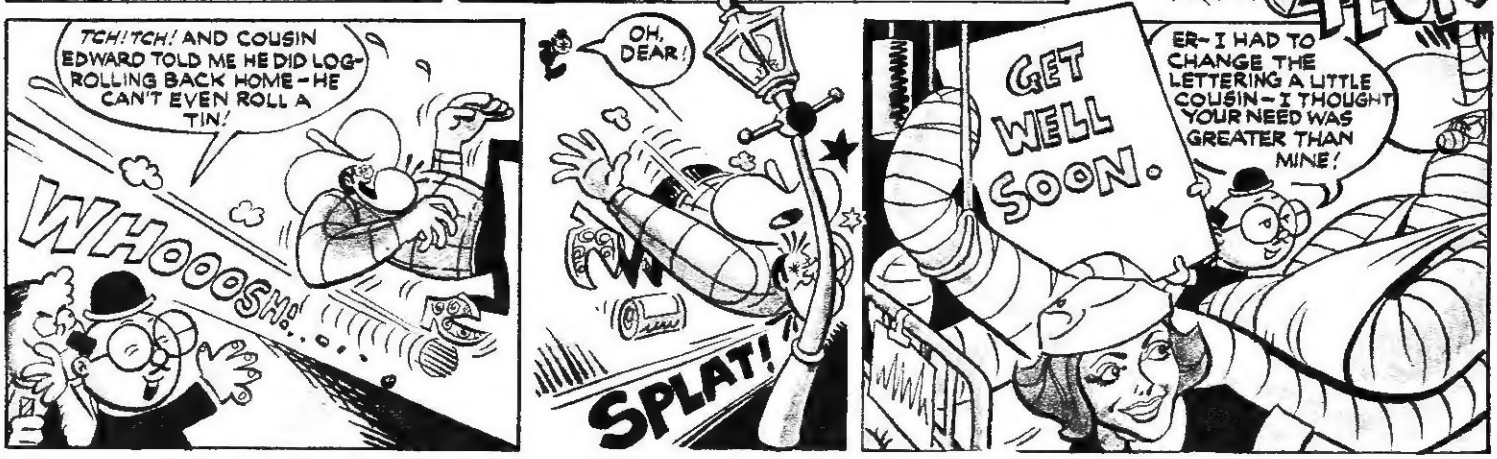
TEXAS TED

Big hat, big head

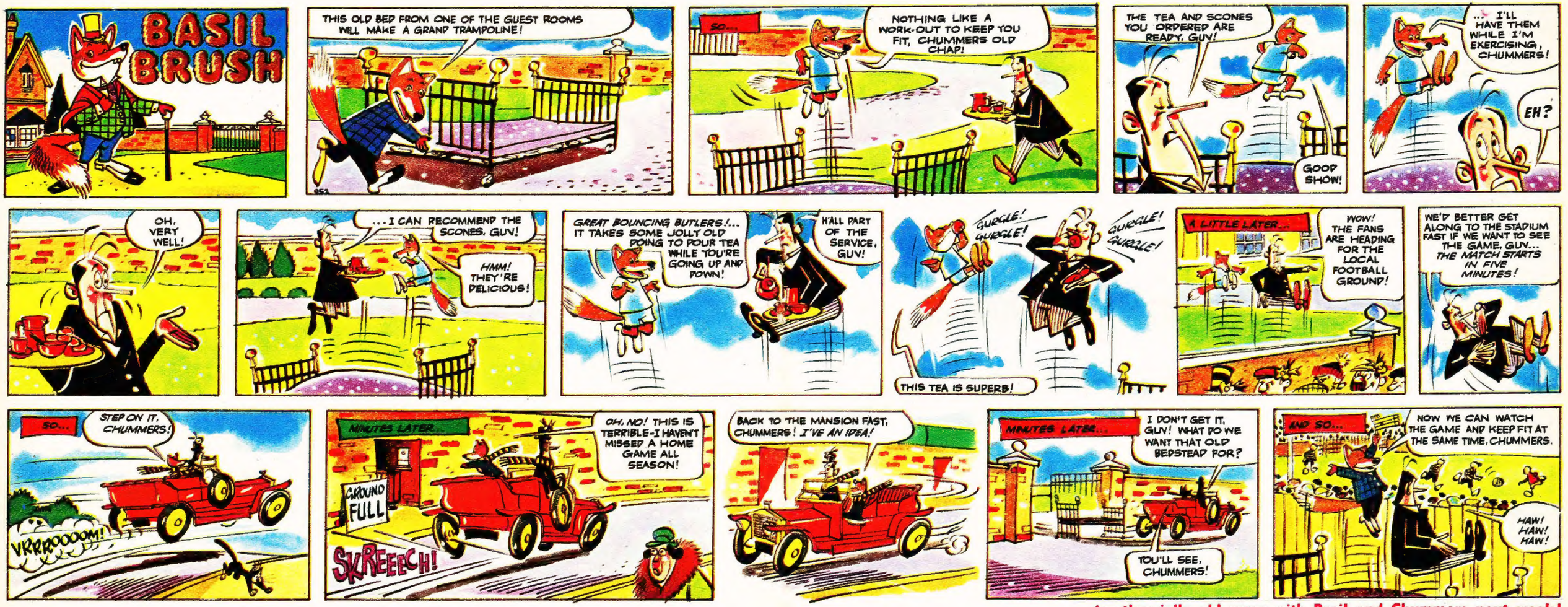
IT'S COUSIN CECIL'S BIRTHDAY TODAY – I'D BETTER GO BUY HIM A CARD!
HOW ABOUT THIS ONE, SIR?
YOU MUST BE JOKING, MAN! WHY WE SELL BIGGER CONFETTI BACK HOME IN TEXAS!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

HELP! HELP!
WELL, AH'LL BE DOGGONED! CECIL'S RUNNING OFF WITH A POT O' MA PAINT!
ZOOM
GRRR! AH'VE STOPPED RUNAWAY STEERS BACK IN TEXAS – AH'LL SOON STOP COUSIN CECIL!




TCH! TCH! AND COUSIN EDWARD TOLD ME HE DID LOG-ROLLING BACK HOME – HE CAN'T EVEN ROLL A TIN!
WHOOOSH!
OH, DEAR!
SPLAT!
GET WELL SOON.
ER – I HAD TO CHANGE THE LETTERING A LITTLE COUSIN – I THOUGHT YOUR NEED WAS GREATER THAN MINE!

Texas-size titters with tremendous Ted next week!

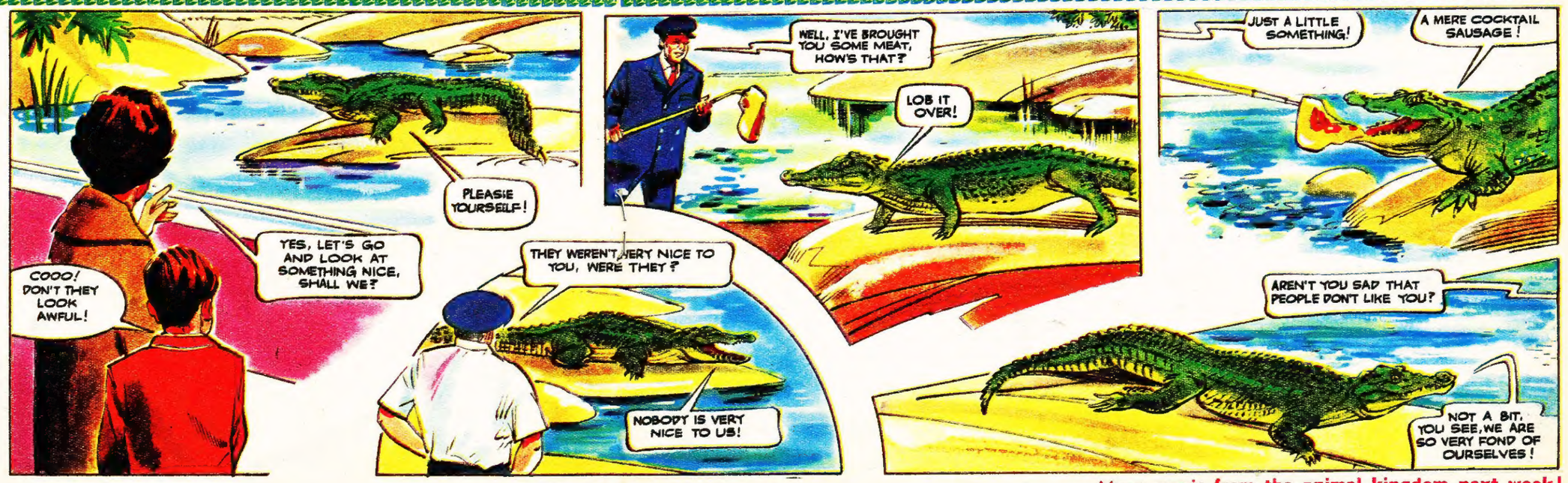

BASIL BRUSH
THIS OLD BED FROM ONE OF THE GUEST ROOMS WILL MAKE A GRAND TRAMPOLINE!
SO...
NOTHING LIKE A WORK-OUT TO KEEP YOU FIT, CHUMMERS OLD CHAP!
THE TEA AND SCONES YOU ORDERED ARE READY, GUV!
GOOD SHOW!
... I'LL HAVE THEM WHILE I'M EXERCISING, CHUMMERS!
EH?
OH, VERY WELL!
...I CAN RECOMMEND THE SCONES, GUV!
HMM! THEY'RE DELICIOUS!
GREAT BOUNCING BUTLERS!... IT TAKES SOME JOLLY OLD DOING TO POUR TEA WHILE YOU'RE GOING UP AND DOWN!
H'ALL PART OF THE SERVICE, GUV!
GURGLE! GURGLE!
GURGLE! GURGLE!
THIS TEA IS SUPERB!
A LITTLE LATER...
WOW! THE FANS ARE HEADING FOR THE LOCAL FOOTBALL GROUND!
WE'D BETTER GET ALONG TO THE STADIUM FAST IF WE WANT TO SEE THE GAME, GUV... THE MATCH STARTS IN FIVE MINUTES!
SO...
STEP ON IT, CHUMMERS!
VRRROOOOM!
MINUTES LATER...
OH, NO! THIS IS TERRIBLE-I HAVEN'T MISSED A HOME GAME ALL SEASON!
GROUND FULL
SKREEECH!
BACK TO THE MANSION FAST, CHUMMERS! I'VE AN IDEA!
MINUTES LATER...
I DON'T GET IT, GUV! WHAT DO WE WANT THAT OLD BEDSTEAD FOR?
YOU'LL SEE, CHUMMERS!
AND SO...
NOW WE CAN WATCH THE GAME AND KEEP FIT AT THE SAME TIME, CHUMMERS.
HAW! HAW! HAW!

Another jolly old romp with Basil and Chummers next week!

ANIMAL MAGIC

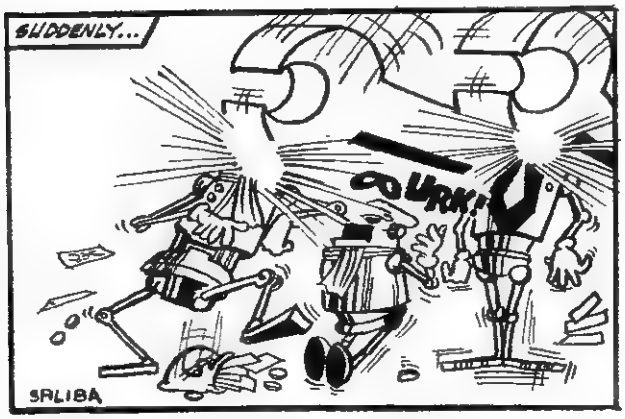
by Johnny Morris

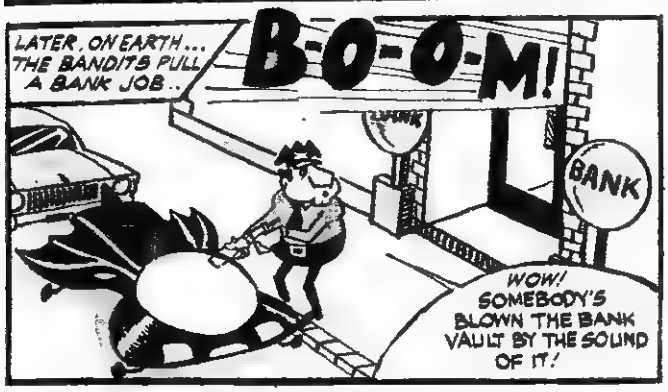
THE crocodiles live in a big warm rockery by the side of a fine warm pool. Some sit on the rocks. Some lie in the water with just their eyes breaking the surface. Nobody much likes the crocodiles.

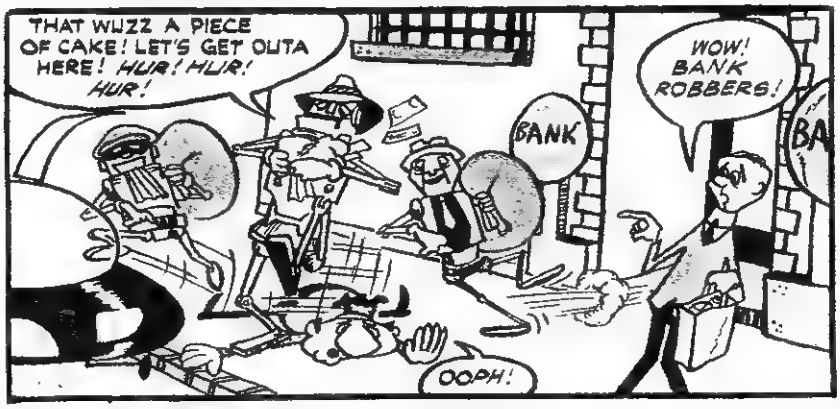

COOO! DON'T THEY LOOK AWFUL!
YES, LET'S GO AND LOOK AT SOMETHING NICE, SHALL WE?
PLEASE YOURSELF!
WELL, I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME MEAT, HOW'S THAT?
LOB IT OVER!
THEY WEREN'T VERY NICE TO YOU, WERE THEY?
NOBODY IS VERY NICE TO US!
JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING!
A MERE COCKTAIL SAUSAGE!
AREN'T YOU SAD THAT PEOPLE DON'T LIKE YOU?
NOT A BIT, YOU SEE, WE ARE SO VERY FOND OF OURSELVES!

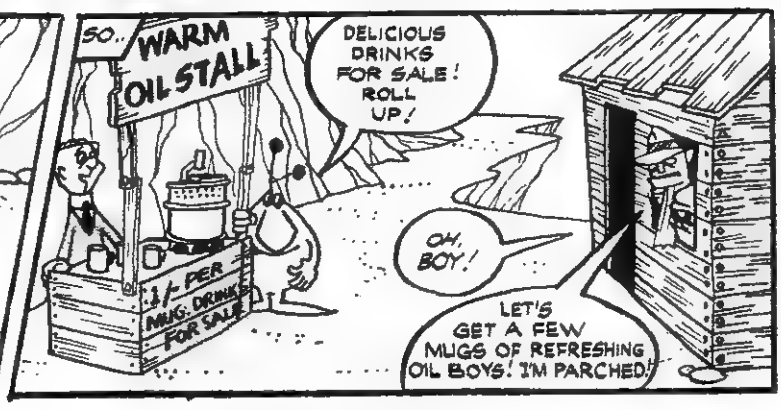
More magic from the animal kingdom next week!

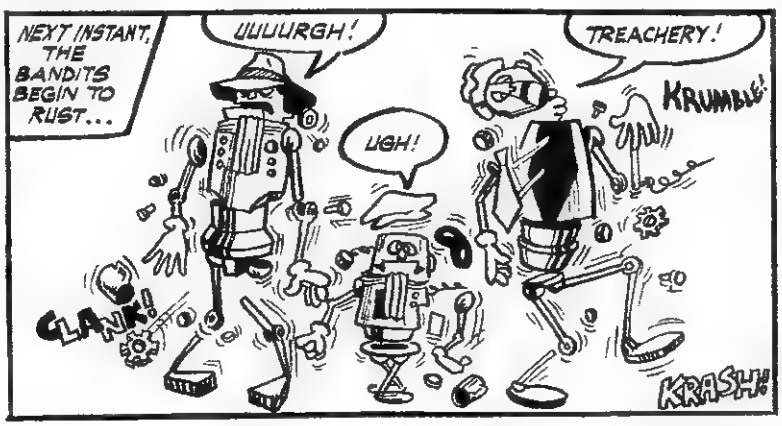
ASTRONUT








SO..
WARM OIL STALL
DELICIOUS DRINKS FOR SALE! ROLL UP!
£1/- PER MUG. DRINK FOR SALE
OH, BOY!
LET'S GET A FEW MUGS OF REFRESHING OIL BOYS! I'M PARCHED!



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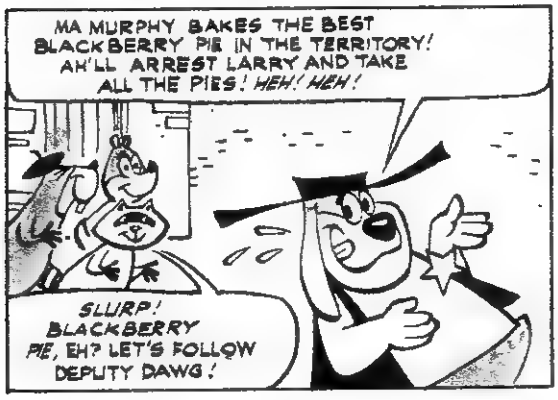
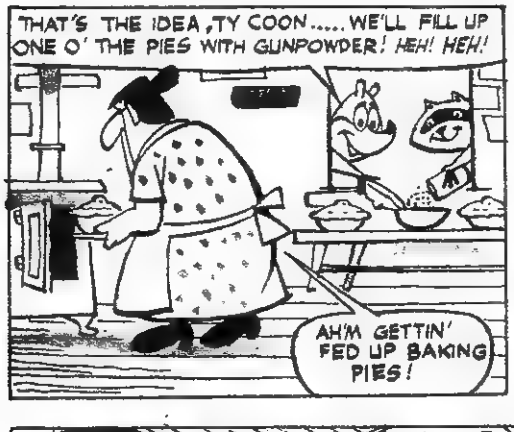
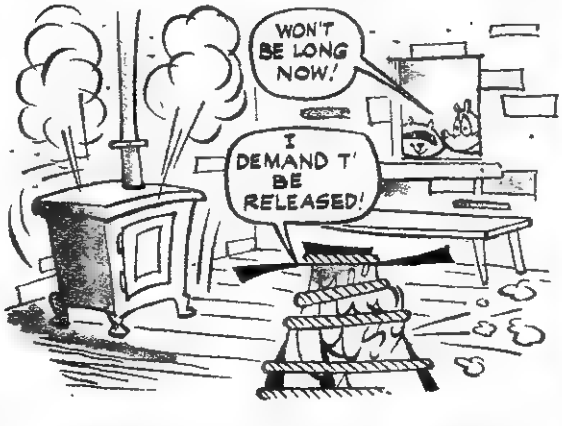
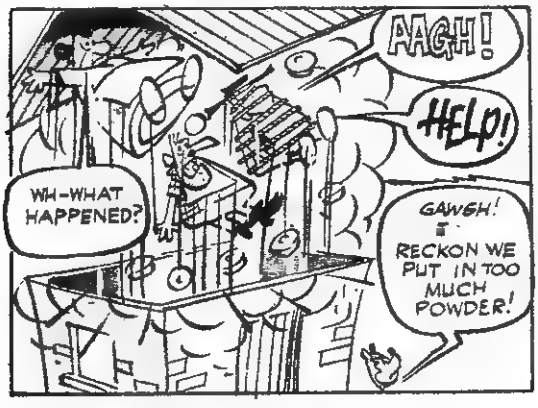
Watch this space for more space fun next week !

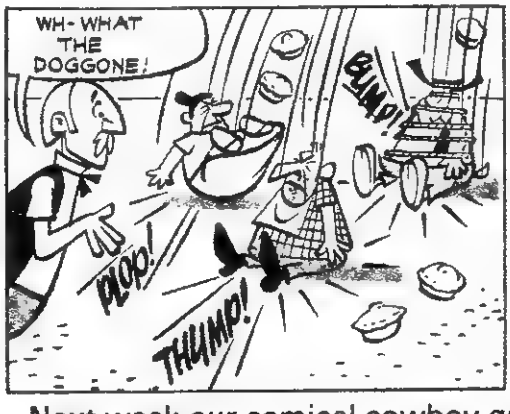
Deputy Dawg


MA MURPHY BAKES THE BEST BLACKBERRY PIE IN THE TERRITORY! AH'LL ARREST LARRY AND TAKE ALL THE PIES! HEH! HEH!
SLURP! BLACKBERRY PIE, EH? LET'S FOLLOW DEPUTY DAWG!









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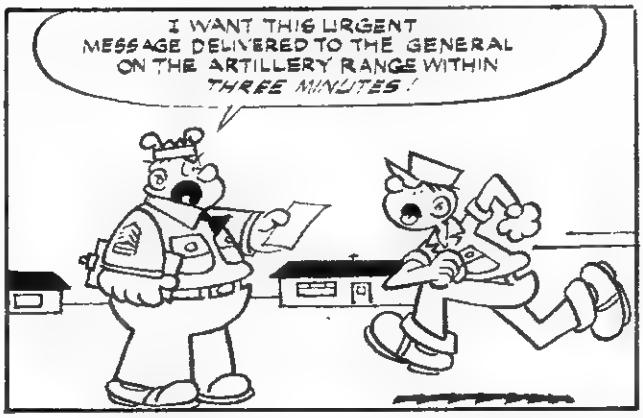
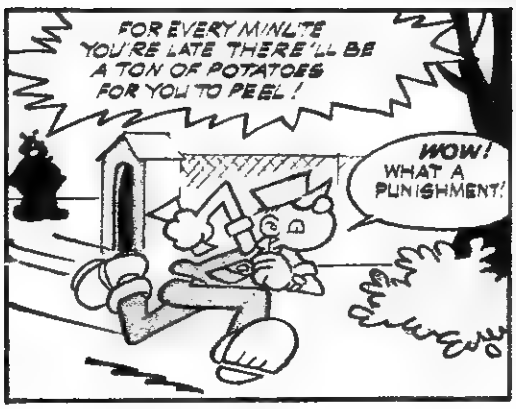
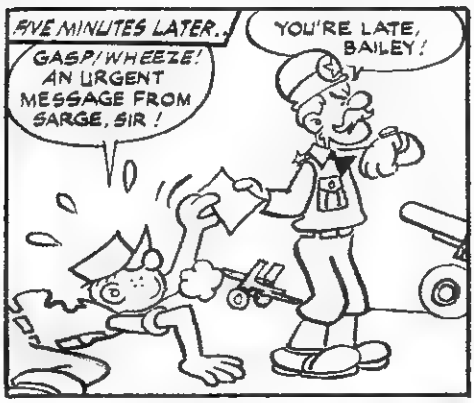
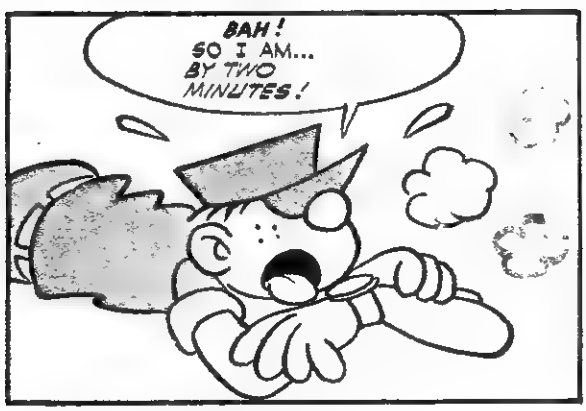
Next week our comical cowboy gets saddled with more trouble!

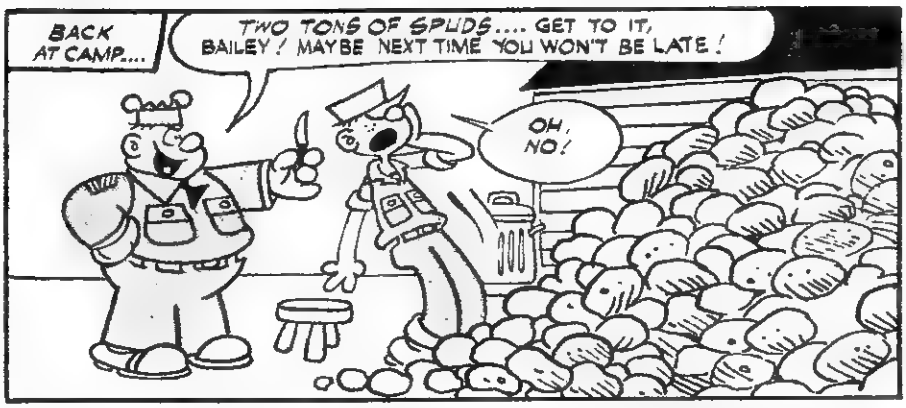
BEETLE BAILEY











IT'S THE ONLY WAY HE COULD THINK OF FOR REACHING THE ARTILLERY RANGE IN UNDER THREE MINUTES, SARGE!
BOY! HE MUST REALLY HATE PEELIN' SPUDS TO GO THROUGH THAT! HAW! HAW!

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BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS..
X MARKS THE SPOT
I'M FED UP BEING A BROKE OLD BUNNY! I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE ...A 24 CARROT ONE...BY RUNNING A TAXI SERVICE!
952
BUGSY'S FIRST CUSTOMER APPROACHES!
65...66..67
TAXI SERVICE
68...69...70...71...
BUGSY'S TAXI SERVICE AT YOUR COMMAND, SIR. WHERE DO YOU WISH TO GO?
WE'RE A-GOING TREASURE-HUNTING, RABBIT! AH WANNA BE RICH LIKE ALL THEM OTHER PIRATES AH KEEPS READING ABOUT!
FULL SAIL AHEAD FER FIFTY YARDS, MATEY, THEN HARD A-PORT AT YE OLD OAK TREE!
OH, BOYSY! IF SAM FINDS THE TREASURE HE'LL PROBABLY PAY ME IN DIAMOND-STUDDED CARROTS!
AHOY, THERE! X MARKS THE SPOT! SLOW, AHEAD, HELMSMAN!
AYE, AYE, CAP'N!
THIS IS NO WORK FOR A TAXI DRIVER! PUFF!
QUIET THERE, MATEY! YE CAN'T EXPECT AN OLD SEADOG TO DO IT! WHY, ME WHISKERS WOULD GET CAUGHT UP IN THE SPADE!
YAHOOO! I'VE FOUND THE TREASURE! I'VE FOUND AN OLD OAK CHEST! WE'RE RICH!
WELL, STOP CHATTERING, YE DAFT RABBIT! THROW IT UP! THROW IT UP!
GREAT. MOTHEATEN MAINSAILS! IT SURE AIN'T THAT KIND O' CHEST WE'RE AFTER!
SOME TREASURE THAT IS, YOU PEA-BRAINED OLD PIRATE! NOTHING BUT A LOAD OF OLD TOGS!
NO! NO! NO!
NOT F'RGETTING ONE DUSTY OL' GAME O' SNAKES AN' LADDERS!
AND NOT FORGETTING BUGSY'S TAXI FARE, YOU OLD SEADOG! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO PAY THAT, EH?
THAT'S 2½ NON-DIAMOND STUDDED CARROTS HE OWES ME! BUT WHAT A WAY FOR A BUNNY TO MAKE HIS FORTUNE!
GRRR! AH'D SHORE LIKE T'GIT MA HANDS ON THE SNAKE THAT DREW UP THAT MAP!

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Join Bugs and his pals again next week!

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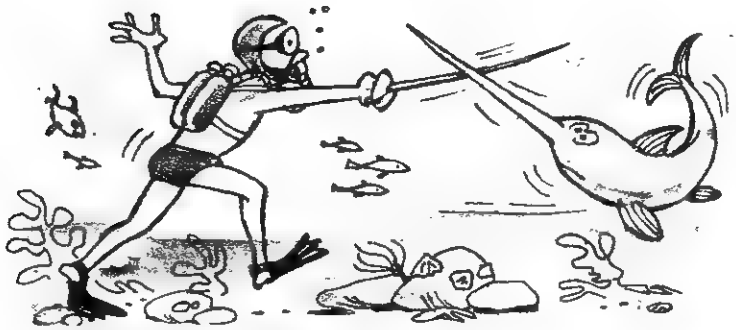

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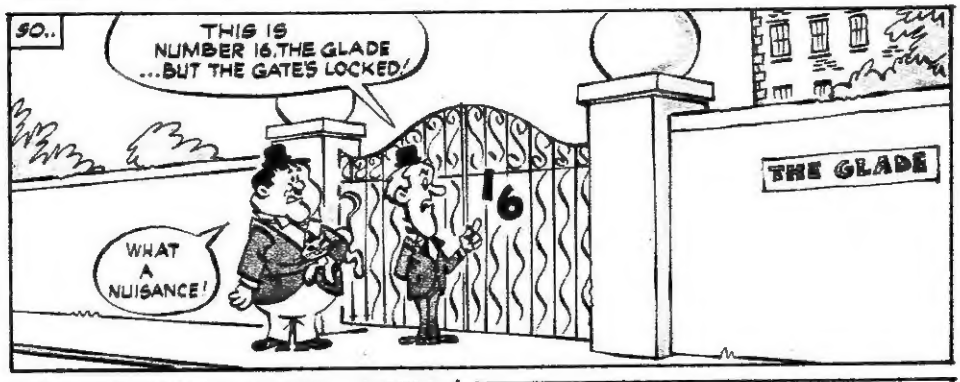

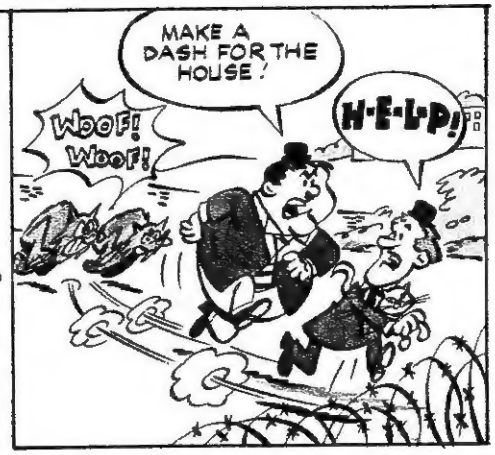

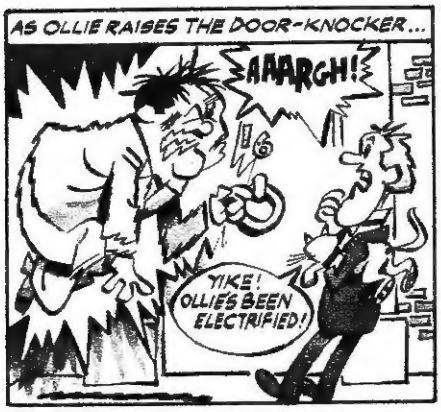

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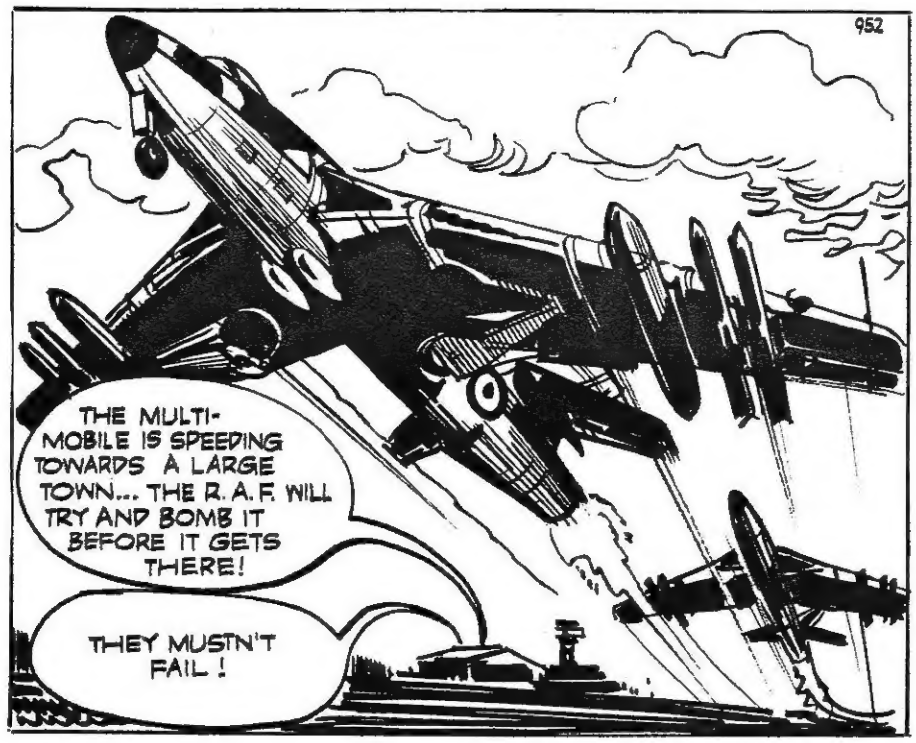
DOCTOR WHO

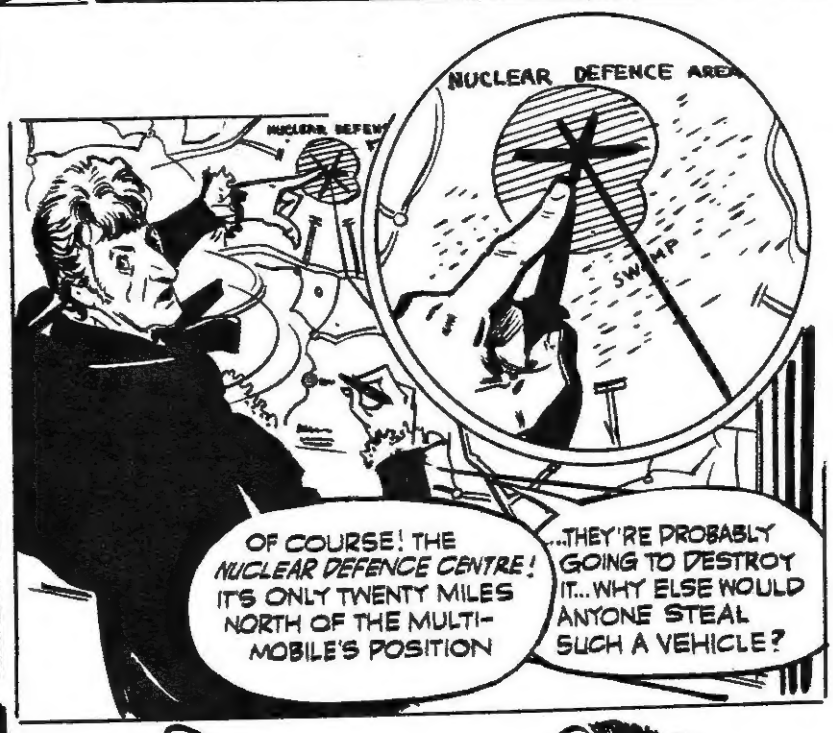
A MASTER tractor mechanic has built an incredible, armoured vehicle called the Multi-Mobile, capable of one hundred and one amazing tasks. During a demonstration, it is stolen by three foreign agents who destroy an army armoured division which attempts to stop them. Dr. Who suggests an 'airstrike' be used against the vehicle . . .

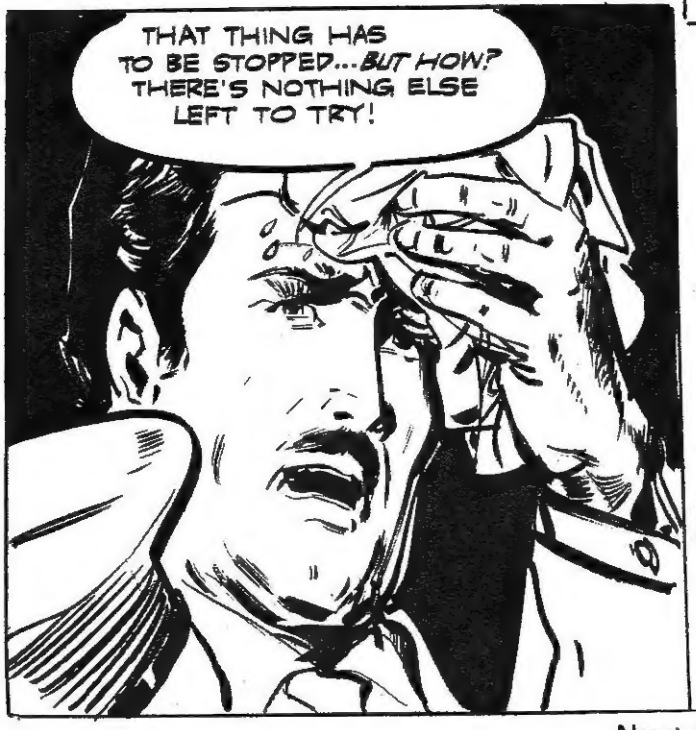


MEANWHILE...
ALL SPEED FOR BEXHAM... ONCE WE ARE AMONG CROWDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE THE AUTHORITIES WON'T DARE SEND PLANES OR TANKS AGAINST US!

OVERHEAD, THE FIGHTER PILOTS SPOT THEIR TARGET...
ZERO THREE TO BASE... MULTI-MOBILE SPOTTED MAKING WAY TOWARDS BEXHAM...WILL DELIVER FIRST ROCKET-STRIKE!

THE FIGHTERS RADIO BASE...
ZERO THREE TO BASE... ROCKET-STRIKE FAILED... MULTI-MOBILE UNDAMAGED! DARE NOT RISK ANOTHER ATTACK... TOO CLOSE TO BEXHAM!
RETURN TO BASE, ZERO THREE!


NUCLEAR DEFENCE AREA
OF COURSE! THE NUCLEAR DEFENCE CENTRE! IT'S ONLY TWENTY MILES NORTH OF THE MULTI-MOBILE'S POSITION
..THEY'RE PROBABLY GOING TO DESTROY IT... WHY ELSE WOULD ANYONE STEAL SUCH A VEHICLE?



Next week U.N.I.T. put the Doctor's incredible plan to work!

POPEYE
JUNGLE JINKS
OLIVE HAS SENT ME T' AFRICA TO GIT A TROPHY FER HER LIVING ROOM WALL!
PEAS
YIKE! EITHER IT'S A GORILLA OR BRUTUS HAS RELATIVES IN AFRICA!
UGH!
MANGLE! TWIST!
I'LL GIVE THE CRITTER A BLAST WIT' ME PEA-SHOOTER!
BOK!
TAKE THAT!
GNN!
I AIN'T GONNA LUMP THIS LUMP! I'M GONNA HAVE ME REVENGE!
HE'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST!
MINUTES LATER...
GULP! I WOULDN'T HAVE CHASED THIS FELLER IF I'D KNOWN HE HAD A GANG!
SNARL!
GRR!
I THINK HE WANTS ME T' SIT DOWN!
SO HE WANTS T' ARM-WRESTLE, DOES HE?
PUFF! WHEEZE!
I WINS!
YOU'LL BE SORRY ABOUT THAT!
SLAMM!
GIVE IT TO HIM, BOYS!
THUMP
THUD
NO HORDE O' HAIRY HORRORS IS GONNA HAMMER ME ANP GET AWAY WIT' IT!
BAM!
BIFF!
SO
DON'T RECKON THIS IS THE KINDO' TROPHY OLIVE HAD IN MIND WHEN SHE SENT ME T' AFRICA! ARF! ARF!

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You'll laugh like a hyena at Popeye's jungle antics next week!